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RELINQUISHMENTS
CITY PROPERTY
DEEDED LANDS

Companies.

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British America
Commercial Union
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Hartford Fire
Insurance Company N America
Liverpool and London and Globe
National Fire
N. Y. Underwriters
Niagra Fire
Northern Insurance

Norwich Union
Philadelphia Underwriters
Scottish U. & Nat'l
Springfield F. & M.
Royal Ins.
Queen Ins.
Fire Ass'n of Philadelphia

We want to sell
CITY PROPERTY
RELINQUISHMENTS
DEEDED LANDS

For Either, See J. R. DAUGHTRY, Tucumcari, N. M.

Male Shoppers Preferred.

"Saleswomen would rather wait upon ten men customers than one woman," said a floor manager of experience. "There is no question but men make the best and most agreeable shoppers. They know what they want, are easily suited and are not fussy. They have a genial way that makes them easier to satisfy than women are. Their manners are not so stiff.

"No man ever crushes a salesgirl with a haughty stare. Men seldom haggle over prices. They may easily be persuaded to buy a higher priced article if they have the money and you can convince them they are getting their money's worth. Men show good taste and judgment in buying articles they know little about. Their fondness for large sizes borders on the ridiculous sometimes. Shoes, gloves, shirts—they want them all with ample room.

"It is a pity most men seem to feel uncomfortable and out of place in a store. Persons who sell goods would like to see them oftener."—New York Press.

The Evolution of the Pen.

The patent office at Washington has a collection of pens that illustrates the difficulties with which men had to contend before they found a suitable instrument with which to write. There are the styluses used by the ancient, the instruments for writing on wax tablets, one end sharp like an awl, the other flat like a paper cutter. There are the brushes used by the Japanese and Chinese and quills of every variety, together with an infinite number of steel pens. But the most curious are some quill pens with steel points. They were made in an effort to do away with the constant necessity for the mending of the pen, a process that few could perform properly and that everybody hated. The effort was very ingenious, but unsuccessful, because the points could not be made to stay.

Its new breath upon his neck he staggers, lurches forward. With a wrench of the wrist, the horseman gallops on. —A. E. Johnson in Royal Magazine.

Carlyle Is a Death Gasp.

Carlyle—all unwittingly, I grant—rings out the old world of misrule which was inaugurated by the first Adam—that world in which man's foolish wit and wisdom have borne sovereign sway, and human nature accordingly shows itself at best a mere battleground of heaven and hell. Emerson, on the contrary—but in like utter unconsciousness of his mission, I admit—rings in that better world inaugurated by the second Adam, in which at last the divine spirit is supreme, and our nature, consequently touched by that inspiration, brings forth immaculate fruit—that is, all those spontaneous graces of heart and mind and manners which alone have power to redeem us to eternal innocence, peace and self-reliance. In short, Carlyle is the last gasp of a world in dissolution, the death rattle of an ancient but always merely provisional and now utterly exhausted life of God in man, and there is consequently no outlook of hope, but only of despair, in his filmy eyes for man's earthly future.—Henry James, Sr., in Atlantic.

Dutch Cure For Lazy People.

The Hollanders are not fond of lazy people, and they have a very good way of curing persons who can but won't work. If a pauper who is able to work refuses to do so they put him in a cistern, to which a pump is attached, and turn on a stream of water. The stream flows into the cistern just slow enough to enable the lazy person by lively pumping to keep the water from getting up over his head.

A Courtroom Joke.

Lord Erskine, when chief justice of England, presided once at the Chelmsford assizes, when a case of breach of promise of marriage was tried before him in which a Miss Tickell was plaintiff. The counsel was a pompous young man named Stanton, who opened the case with solemn emphasis thus: "Tickell, the plaintiff, my lord." Erskine dryly interrupted him with: "Oh, tickle her yourself, Mr. Stanton. It would be unbecoming to my position."

The Economy of the Bee.

At one time the bees were male and female in equal numbers. The irresponsible male buzzed about, simply getting his own living, marrying and dying. The responsible female not only got her own living, but that of her children.

Somehow, by and by, they came to see the advantage of communal effort, and, just as women say to one another now, "If you'll wash the dishes I'll wipe 'em," one feminine bee said to the other, "I'll be mother if you'll get the living." It was a bargain, and the accommodating females took drones in to board.

The queen of a beehive does not rule; she lays eggs. She does not mind the babies. She does not even do her own digesting, let alone getting the food. The attendants that surround her feed her with bee milk, secreted by glands in their heads. She has to be fed continually, for at certain periods she has the power of producing from 2,000 to 3,000 eggs a day, twice her own weight—four times, indeed, for more than half her weight is eggs. In her lifetime a prolific queen will lay 1,500,000 eggs.

A Reminder.

Elder Sister—Really, dear, you mustn't put "I remain ever your loving Nellie Tomkins." You may put "I remain your loving Nellie Tomkins" if you like, but underline the "remain" and the "Tomkins." Father's been throwing out hints about the long courtship, darling!

Too Much Imagination.

Pity the man or woman devoid of imagination, but he or she who allows the imagination too great liberty becomes its subject rather than its master. The man who wears a rubber on the pedal attachment to his cork leg because the cork foot aches without the rubber is as unfortunate a victim as the Scotchman who fainted on account of the heat in church the first Sunday after stoves were set up, although a fire had not been lighted in any of them.

A Plea For Small Attentions.

If men only knew how much their wives appreciate the little attentions that they consider too small to think about there would be more of the courtesies that marked the antenuptial period manifested in the everyday routine life that comes after marriage.

A man when he has succeeded in winning a woman calmly lays aside all those delightful little ways that, if he only knew it, did so much to captivate her and with the air of a man who has run after a street car he settles down and reads his paper without having an idea that she is eating her heart out because of the absence of those trifling attentions that mean so much to her.

Listen, all ye men, to a wife who knows how much woman's nature is alike and how happy we all become over little kindnesses which may not in your eyes be worth considering, but which to us speak of a sentiment that has not died out in marriage and a polite regard for the wife that is as great as that shown the fiancée.

The Unfinished Cornice.

People who pass the Rothschild mansion in the fashionable quarter of London often notice that the end of one of the cornices is unfinished. Every one asks why. The explanation is a very simple yet suggestive one when it is known.

Lord Rothschild is an orthodox Jew, and every pious Jew's house, tradition says, must have some part unfinished, to bear testimony to the world that its occupant is only, like Abraham, a pilgrim and a stranger upon the earth.

The incomplete cornice upon the mansion seems to say to all who hurry by in the streets bent on amassing worldly wealth or going along with the madding crowd in the paths of folly, "This is not Lord Rothschild's home; he is traveling to eternity." We, too, should remember that we are travelers. Dean Stanley left as an inscription to be placed on his tomb these words: "The inn of a traveler on his way to Jerusalem."